Labour in vain

Published 1 July 1800.

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WRITTEN AND COMPILED

Under the immediate Inspection of that facetious and lively Writer,

GODFREY BROADGRIN, ESQ.

Whose sprightly Jokes have been "used to set the table in a roar."

YORICK.

THE SECOND EDITION,

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BY A MOST EMINENT ARTIST.

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The Cripple.

A person meeting a mendicant walking upon his legs, whom, till then he had often seen with a patch on his eye, and both his legs tucked under stumps, addressed him thus: "Why, what's become of your timber, Mr. Beggar?"—"I use these things," answered the beggar, pointing to his natural legs, "only upon extraordinary occasions; but my timber is my staple commodity. Well, God save your honour—I must go look after my support." The facetious mendicant was bowing out, when the person caught his hand—"You are a fine fellow, and you must be a rogue too, or else those legs would have carried you into a more *reputable business!*" The beggar shook his head.

Mistake.

I swore I lov'd, and you believ'd;
Yet, trust me, we were both deceiv'd,
  Tho' all I swore was true,
I lov'd one generous, good, and kind,
A form created in my mind;
  And thought that form was you.

Credulity.

An English gentleman travelling in Italy, witnessed, at St. Ambrose, a small village near Turin, a grand procession; all the men, women, and children, who were able to crawl, attended; several old women carried crucifixes, others pictures of the saints or flags fixed to the ends of long poles. Four men, carrying a box upon their shoulders, walked before the rest. He asked what the box contained, and was informed by a sagacious looking old man, that it contained the bones of St. John. He inquired if all the bones of the saint were there; the old man assured the English gentleman that not even a joint of his little finger was wanting. "Because" said the English traveller, "I have seen a considerable number of bones in different parts of Italy, which are said to be the bones of St. John." The old man smiled at the Englishman's simplicity, and said the world was full of imposition; but nothing could be more certain than that those in the box were the true bones of the saint; he had remembered them ever since he was a child, and his father, when on his death bed, had told him, on the *word* of a *dying man*, that they belonged to St. John, and no other body.

The Deaf.

Deaf, Giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my friends a burthen grown:
No more I hear the church's bell
Than if it rang out for my knell;
At thunder now no more I start,
Than at the rumbling of a cart:
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
I hardly hear a woman's clack.

Epigram.

Ned Sprightly when courting an arch lovely maid,
She ask'd "Had he form'd a connection in trade?"
"Not yet," he reply'd, "but I've got one in view;
For I hope to become *sleeping partner* with you."

Another.

Loud bray'd an ass—— Quoth Kate, "My dear,
To spouse, in jeering carriage,
"One of *your relatives* I hear"——
"Yes, love," says he, "*by marriage.*"

Southampton and Red-bridge Canals.

Southampton's wise sons found the river so large,
Tho' 'twould carry a *ship* 'twould not carry a *barge*,
But soon this defect their sage noddles supply'd,
For they cut a snug *ditch* to run close by its side:
Like the man, who, contriving a hole thro' his wall
To admit his two cats, the one great, t'other small,
Where a *great hole* was made for *great puss* to pass thro',
Had a *little hole* cut for his *little cat* too.

A Chinese Anecdote.

A Mandarine, who took much pride in appearing with a number of jewels on every part of his robe, was once accosted by an old sly Bonze, who, following him through several streets, and bowing often to the ground, thanked him for his jewels. "What does the man mean?" cried the Mandarine: "friend, I never gave thee any of my jewels." "No," replied the other, but you have let me look at them, and that is all the use you can make of them yourself; so there is no differ-

ence between us, except that you have the trouble of *watching* them, and that is an employment I don't like."

Contradiction.

A drunken mechanic being at dinner with his wife and three children, vexed at being contradicted by his partner, took up a small bottle of raisin wine, (all their stock) and taking a pretty good draught, said—" If what I say be not true, may this wine be my poison!' His wife, however, still persisted, and he repeated his wish twice in a very short time. At length one of the children, more wise than its mother, cried, " For heaven's sake, be of the same opinion, or we shall all *die of thirst.*"

The Divine.

A nobleman, before a numerous assembly, told a worthy divine, who was soliciting him for a living then vacant, and in his lordship's disposal, " No, no, doctor, talk no more of it; but pritbee, man, learn to dance." The doctor, not at all abashed, smilingly replied, " he should be incorrigible not to improve, with his lordship for an instructor, who had long taught him to dance attendance." " Have I so, doctor," says the earl, " then even take the *living*, and my daughter Sophy shall teach you to turn out your toes." The company laughed, but the doctor had the most reason.

Emperor Sigismund.

This prince having granted the title of nobleman to a learned doctor, he observed the man at court, taking

taking his place among the nobles, and not, as formerly, among the professors. "What a simpleton he is!" observed the emperor; "I can make a thousand gentlemen every day of my life; but I cannot make one learned man."

Hissing.

The mode of expressing popular disapprobation of a popular speaker appears, from the following passage in Cicero's letters, to have been very ancient. Speaking of the orator Hortensius, Cælius thus describes the success of that speaker's eloquence: "Hoc magis animadversum est, quod intactus a sibilo pervenerat Hortensius ad senectutem:" it is worth observation to remark, that Hortensius arrived at old age, without once incurring the disgrace of being hissed at.

A singular Petition to a Minister of State.

A gentleman who had been long attached to Cardinal Mazarin, and much esteemed by that minister, but little assisted in his finances by court favour, one day told Mazarin of his many promises, and his dilatory performance. The cardinal, who had a great regard for the man, and was unwilling to lose his friendship, took his hand, and leading him into his library, explained to him the many demands made upon a person in his situation as minister, and which it would be politic to satisfy previously to other requests, as they were founded on services done to the state. Mazarin's companion, not very confident in the minister's veracity, replied—"My lord, all the favour I expect at your hands is this: that whenever we meet in public, you will do me the honour to tap me on the

the shoulder in the most reserved manner." In two or three years the friend of the cardinal became a wealthy man, on the credit of the minister's attention to him; and Mazarin used to laugh, together with his confident, at the folly of the world, in granting their protection to persons on such slight security.

The Patient and the Physician.

"Have a good heart," said the physician to a sick person, who had been long attended and stuffed with drugs by an ignorant apothecary, "What is your disorder?" "Physic."—"What do you chiefly complain of?" "The doctor."—Does your head ach?" "Yea, with impertinence."—"Have you a pain in your back?" Yes, where the blister lies."—"Are you sick at stomach?" "Yes, with hunger."—"Do you feel any shiverings?" "Always at the sight of the apothecary."—"Do you perceive any load on your bowels?" "I wish the apothecary's conscience was as clear."—"Are you thirsty?" "Not thirsty enough to drink barley water."—"Well, my honest friend, since you have already undergone the proper purgatory in due form, and say you have no other disease than the doctor, we well set you on your legs again without further question. Here, nurse, open that window, and throw these vials into the street; now lower the curtain without shutting the casement, that the man may not be stifled in his own steam. In the next place take off two thirds of these coals, and one third of these blankets. How dost now feel your heart?" "I should feel my heart whole, if so be as you would throw the nurse after the bottles, and the apothecary after the nurse, and

order me a pound of chops for my dinner, for I be so hungry, I could eat a horse behind the saddle."

What's Honour.

Not to be captious; not unjustly fight;
'Tis to confess what's wrong, and do what's right.

The Laobon.

Nothing can be conceived more admirably executed than the affecting group of the Laocon, to be seen in the Vatican at Rome; (now it is, they say, carried to France.) Two persons some years ago, went to see it, one of them being accused of being perfectly callous to every thing which does not immediately touch his own person; the other a worthy good man. The first, after staring some time with marks of horror at the group, at length recovered himself, exclaiming with a laugh, "egad I was afraid those d—d serpents would have left the fellows they are devouring, and made a snap at me; but I am happy to recollect they are of marble."—"I thank you Sir, most heartily," said the other, "for putting me in mind of that circumstance, 'till you mentioned it, I was in agony for these two youths."

The Neapolitan Mountebank,

A Neapolitan mountebank assembled in an open place near the palace a large cluster of men, women, and children: He had a mask on his face, and a guittar in his hands, and entertained to the highest degree his audience, by the songs he sung to the music of his instrument, and by a thousand merry stories he told them with infinite drollery; at

at length when the company was most numerous, and at the highest pitch of good humour, he suddenly pulled off his mask, laid down his guittar, and opened a little box which stood behind him, and addressed the audience in the following words: "Ladies and gentlemen, there is a time for all things; we have had enough of jesting: innocent mirth is excellent for the health of the body, but other things are requisite for the health of the soul. I will now, with your permission, entertain you with something serious, and of infinitely greater importance," Here he took out a bag of little leaden crucifixes.—"I am just come from the holy House of Loretto. My fellow christians, continued he, "to furnish you with those jewels, more precious than the gold of Peru, and all the pearls of the ocean. Now you are afraid that I shall demand a price for those sacred crosses far above your abilities. No, my generous Neapolitans, I will not ask for those valuable crucifixes, (all of them, let me inform you have touched the foot of the Blessed Virgin) I will not, I say, ask an ounce of gold, no not even a crown of silver; my regard for you is such, that I shall let you have them for a penny a-piece."

Life of a Country Parson.

Parson, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the bishop's blessing—
A wife that makes conserves; a steed
That carries double when there's need;
October store, and best Virginia,
Tythe pig, and mortuary guinea;
Gazette sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;

A large concordance, bound long since,
Sermons to Charles the First, when prince;
A chronicle of ancient standing,
A chrysostom to smooth thy band in.
The polyglot—three parts—my next,
Howbeit—likewise—now to my text.
Lo, here the Septuagint—and Paul;
To sum the whole, the close of all.
He that hath these, may pass his life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiss his wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill,
And fast on Fridays, if he will;
Toast church and Queen, explain the news,
Talk with church-wardens about pews,
Pray heartily for some new gift,
And shake his head at Dr. Swift.

Wit.

True wit is like the brilliant stone
Dug from the Indian mine;
Which boasts two different powers in one,
To cut as well as shine.
Genius like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gift abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

Molly's Charms.

Can you count the silver lights,
That deck the sky and cheer the nights;
Or the leaves that strew the vales,
When groves are stripp'd by winter gales;
Or the drops that in the morn
With pearl transparent deck the thorn;

Or

Or bridegroom's joys, or miser's cares,
Or gamester's oaths, or hermit's prayers.
Or envy's pangs, or love's alarms,
Or Marlbro's acts, or *Molly's charms.*

Ode to Mirth.

But whence the gladdening beam
That pours his purple stream
O'er the long prospect wide?
'Tis mirth, I see her sit
In majesty of light,
With Laughter at her side.
Bright ey'd Fancy hov'ring near,
Wide waves her glancing wing in air;
And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltless strikes the willing heart.
Fear not now wild Passion's rage,
Nor fear ye ought in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of age.
Now Mirth has heard the suppliant poet's pray'r,
No cloud that rides the blast shall vex the troubled air.

A Beautiful Song by Shakespeare.

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly are forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, though seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow,
Are of those which April wears;
But my poor heart first set free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

Anatomical Epitaph on an Invalid; Written by himself.

Here lies an head that often ach'd;
Here lie two hands that always shak'd;
Here lies a brain of odd conceit;
Here lies a heart that often beat:
Here lie two eyes that daily wept,
And in night but seldom slept;
Here lies a tongue that whining talk'd;
Here lie two feet that feebly walk'd;
Here lies the liver, full of bile,
That ne'er secreted proper chyle;
Here lies the livid lobe, the spleen,
The source of life's sad tragic scene.
That left side weight that clogs the blood,
And stagnates nature's circling flood;
Here lie the nerves, so often twitch'd
With painful cramps, and painful stitch;
Here lies the skin, by scurvy fed,
With pimples and eruptions red;
Here lies the man from top to toe,
That fabric, fram'd for pain and woe.

Petrarch.

Certain historians assert that Pope Benoil the twelfth advised Petrarch to propose marriage to Laura, which the poet declined lest the familiarities of the married state should abate the enthusiasm of his admiration, and the ardour of his love.

"Parbleu," exclaimed a French officer who heard that observation; "Voila un animal bien délicat;"—"it is" added he, "as if a man was to refuse to eat his dinner lest it should spoil his appetite."

Two Deep.

During the retreat of the British troops in Holland, while they were floundering through the mud in a part of the road uncommonly bad, a corps of the guards were much scattered, when the commanding officer called out to the men to form *two deep*. "Dam'me!" shouts a grenadier, from between two mountains of mud, "*I am two deep already;* I am *up to the neck.*"

A Character of an old Rake.

Scorn'd by the wise, detested by the good,
Nor understanding aught, nor understood;
Profane, obscene, loud, frivolous and pert;
Proud without spirit, vain without desert:
Affecting passion vice has long subdu'd;
Desperately gay—and impotently lewd:
And as thy weak companions round thee sit,
For eminence in folly deem'd a wit.

Mr. Thicknesse.

Some time ago, Mr. Thicknesse, father of the present Lord Audley, being in want of money, applied to his son for a little pecuniary assistance; which, being denied, he immediately hired a cobler's stall, directly opposite his lordship's house, and had a sign put up, on which were these words: "Boots and Shoes made and mended by Philip Thicknesse, *father* to Lord Audley." This answered the purpose; and Mr. Thicknesse was supplied with every thing he wanted, on condition that he would give up his stall.

Legal

Legal Assistance.

A tanner having invited a supervisor to dine with him, after pushing the bottle about pretty freely, the supervisor took leave, but in crossing the tan-yard, he unfortunately fell into a vat, and called loudly for the tanner's assistance to take him out, but to no purpose; "for," says the tanner, "if I draw a hide without giving twelve hours notice I shall be exchequered; but I will go and inform the exciseman." The poor man would have perished, had not a person accidentally come to his relief.

A Duel.

A captain in the army happened to go to see *Venice Preserved* acted in the town where his troops were quartered, with a friend who was a little hard of hearing, and of course he was obliged to speak to him pretty loud, or not to speak to him at all. Just as he was observing to him that the tallest of the senators of Venice was a trumpeter in his regiment; a shop-keeper of that small town cried—"Silence." "Upon my word, friend," said the captain, "you give the word of command a little too imperiously." "You must not disturb the company," answered he. "I am afraid," said the captain, "that both you and I disturb the company, and so if you will please to walk out with me, we will settle our business quietly ourselves, without disturbing any body." The shop-keeper declined this, and muttered something, none of which the captain distinctly heard except the word *impertinence*, which reduced the captain to the necessity of pulling off his wig, and throwing it in the shop-keeper's face. He called on the captain,

the next morning, who, as this was acting like a gentleman, thought it would be ungenerous to refuse putting himself on a footing with him. They met accordingly, and it is to do justice to the cit, to say that he fired his pistol very prettily for a tradesman, for the bullet pierced the corner of the captain's hat; and the captain, being convinced that on the whole he had been rather in the wrong, did not choose to kill the poor fellow, and so fired his pistol in the air. "Now," friend," said the captain, "you have damaged my hat full as much as I did your wig, so if you are satisfied our dispute may end here, if you are not you may take another shot." The shop-keeper declined the last, and agreed to the first proposal.

To a perfumed Lady.

Believe me, Chloe, those perfumes that cost
Such sums to sweeten thee are treasures lost;
Nor all Arabia would sufficient be,
Thou smell'st not of thy *sweets*, they *stink* of thee.

On a Parish Clerk.

Here lies, within his tomb, so calm,
Old Giles; pray sound his knell;
Who thought no song was like a psalm,
No music like a bell.

An Order sent by a Farmer's Wife to a Tradesman in Town, for a scarlet Cardinal.

Sir,

If you please to send me a scarlet cardinal—let it be full yard long, and let it be full, it is for a large woman, they tell me I may have a large one and a handsome one for eleven shillings, I should not

not be willing to give more than twelve, but if you have any as long, either duffel or cloth, if it comes cheaper I should like to have it, for I am not to give more than twelve shillings:—I beg you, Sir, to be so good as not to fail sending me this cardinal on Wednesday, without fail; let it be full yard long, I beg, or else it will not do—fail not on Wednesday, and by so doing you will oblige

Your humble servant, M. WINNS.

P. S. I hope you will charge your lowest price, and if you please not to send me a duffel one, but cloth, full yard long and full, and please to send it to Mr. Field's, the waterman who comes to the Bee-hive, at Queenhithe—pray dont send me a duffel one, but cloth; I have altered my mind, I should not like a duffel, but cloth—let it be full yard long, and let it be cloth, for I dont like duffel; it must not be more than twelve shillings at most: one of the cheapest you have, and full yard long, send two, both of a length, and both large ones, full yard long, both of a price, they be both for one woman, they must be exactly alike for goodness and price—fail not then on Wednesday, and full yard long.

The bruising Parson.

A certain bruising parson having been examined as a witness in the Court of King's Bench, the adverse counsel attempted to browbeat him. "I think you are the bruising parson," said he. "I am," said the divine, "and if you doubt it, I'll give it you under my *hand*."

The Way to make a great Calf.

A young country clergyman was boasting of having been educated at two colleges.—"You re-

mind me," said an aged divine present, "of an intsance I knew of a calf that sucked two cows." "What was the consequence?" said a third person. "Why, Sir," replied the old gentleman, very gravely, "the consequence was, that he was a *very great calf*."

The Pilgrim and the Peas.

By Peter Pindar.

A brace of sinners, for no good,
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine.
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,
And in well-powder'd wig look'd wond'rous fine.

Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than *gravel;*
In short, their toes so gentle to *amuse,*
The priest had order'd *peas* into their shoes:

A *nostrum,* famous in old Popish times,
For purifying souls that stunk of crimes;
A sort of *apostolic salt,*
Which Popish parsons for its powers exalt,
For keeping *souls* of sinners *sweet,*
Just as our *kitchen salt* keeps *meat.*

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;
But very different was their speed I wot:
One of the sinners gallopp'd on,
Light as a *bullet* from a gun,
The other limpt as if he had been *shot.*

One

One saw the Virgin soon—*peccavi* cried—
Had his soul whitewash'd all so clever;
Then home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit with saints above to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue about half way—
Hobbling with outstretch'd bum, and bended knees,
Damning the souls and bodies of the peas:
His eyes in tears, his cheek and brow in sweat,
Deep sympathising with his groaning feet.

"How now!" the light-toed whitewash'd pilgrim broke
"You lazy lubber!"
"Odds curse it," cry'd the other, "'tis no joke—
"My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as blubber.

"Excuse me, holy Virgin, that I swear—
As for Loretto, I shall not get there:
No! to the Devil my sinful soul must go,
For dam'me if I han't lost every toe.

"But, brother sinner, do explain,
How 'tis that you are not in pain:
What power hath work'd a wonder for your toes?
Whilst I, just like a snail, am crawling,
Now swearing, now on Saints devoutly bawling,
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes.

"How is't that you can like a greyhound go,
Merry as if that nought had happen'd? burn ye!"
"Why," cry'd the other grinning, "you must know,
That just before I enter'd on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to *boil my peas.*"

The

The Partners.

A countryman having bought a barn in partnership with a neighbour, neglected to make use of it, whilst the other had plentifully stored his part with corn and corn. In a short time the latter came to him, and expostulated with him upon laying out his money in so fruitless a way. "Pray, neighbour," replied he, "never trouble your head about it; you may do what you please with your part of the barn, but I'll *set mine on fire.*"

The better Day the better Deed.

Serjeant Davy being concerned in a cause which he wished to postpone, asked Lord Mansfield when he would bring it on? "On Friday next," said his lordship. "Will you consider, my lord, Friday next will be good Friday." "I don't care for that; the better day the better deed," "Well, my lord," says Davy, "you may do as you please, but if you do sit on that day, I believe you will be the first judge who did business on a *good Friday* since Pontius Pilate's time."

On a Sermon falling out of a Clergyman's Pocket.

A sermon from a parson fell,
As he rode out one day;
The text was sure remarkable,
"Don't *fall out* by the way."

This may seem strange to some, no doubt,
But 'tis not so to me,
For text and sermon oft fall out,
And sadly disagree.

Epitaph

Epitaph on a Man who had a remarkable large Mouth.

Here lies one as God shall him save,
Whose mouth was as wide as is his grave;
Reader—tread lightly o'er this clod,
For if he gapes, thou'rt gone by G—!

Pius the VIth.

Pius the VIth, the late Pope, had regular features, and a fine countenance; his person was strait, and his movements were graceful. Though in the winter of life, his cheeks still glowed with autumnal roses, which, at a little distance, appeared as blooming as those of spring. The women used to break out into exclamations in praise of the beauties of his face and person, as often as he appeared in public. On a jubilee occasion, as he was carried through a particular street, a young woman at a window exclaimed, "Quanto e bello!" ("How beautiful he is!) and was immediately answered by a zealous old lady at the window opposite, who, folding her hands in each other, and raising her eyes to heaven, she cried out, with a mixture of love for his person, and veneration for his sacred office, "Tanto e bello quantoe santo!" ("He is as *beautiful* as he is *holy*.")

Physiognomy often Deceitful.

An English gentleman happened once to sit by a foreigner of his acquaintance at the opera in the Hay-market, when a nobleman, illustrious for his eloquence, entered—he whispered to him, "That is Lord ———;" "Not surely the famous Lord ———?" said he. "Yes," said I, "the very same." "It must be acknowledged, then," continued

tinued he, " that the noble earl does infinite honour to those who have had the care of his education." How so," rejoined he. " Because" replied the foreigner, " a countenance so completely *vacant* strongly indicates a deficiency in natural abilities; the respectable figure he makes in the senate, I therefore presume, must be entirely owing to instruction.

The good-natured Host.

" You knows, measter, one must live and let live, as the saying is. Every man must eat, tho'f at another's expence—and I should be in a deadly hole if all my customers should take it in their heads to drink nothing but water gruel because it is good for the constitution. Thank God I have as good a constitution as e'er a man in England, but for all that, I and my whole family *bleed* and *purge*, and take a diet drink twice a year, by way of serving the apothecary, who is a very honest man, and a very good neighbour."

The Fox Hunter.

Lately died at Goodleigh, in Devonshire, Mr. H. Stebbing, farmer, a very extraordinary character. He was a great fox hunter, and had collected as many foxes pads as covered the whole of his stable doors and posts, having been *in* at all their deaths. At his own request, a pad was placed in each of his hands when laid in his coffin and he was buried in that situation! He was interred in the parish church of Stoke, and his funeral was attended by the huntsmen and whippers-in belonging to the packs with which he had hunted.

Verses

Verses of Le Brun, to Forlenze, the Oculist.

From blindness reliev'd by your skill so profound,
I can see, my dear doctor, what passes around;
And already perceive, (what I needs must deplore)
Of *friends many less*, and of *fools many more*.

Original English Epigram.

A lord in pow'r, who erst of Tom
Had freely borrow'd many a sum,
With promise oft, and squeeze by hand,
Bade him his int'rest to command.

He begg'd (that he might live at ease)
A snug warm *place*, replete with *fees*.—
"Certain, my friend, I can't do less,
For you such kindness I profess."

At court Tom dangled many a year—
At length his *grateful* friend, the peer,
Gave him, in lieu of place and fees,
Another *promise*, and a *squeeze*.

Colonel Van Grotten.

In one of the late engagements in Holland, Colonel Van Grotten asked one of his lieutenants for a *quid* of tobacco. It was in the very heat of the contest, and a cannon-ball carried off the lieutenant in the act of presenting it. "I must be obliged to *you* then," said the colonel, *coolly*, turning to another officer, "for you see our friend is gone away with his *tobacco-box*."

A Father's Opinion of Marriage.

That was a good repartee which a father made to his friend, who advised him to prevent his son's marrying

marrying till he became wise. "You are wrong, my friend," said the father, "for if he ever becomes *wise*, he will *never marry*."

Voyage through Life.

The following history of Thomas Parker, who lately died in America, and who was an active naval officer during the late war, is extracted from his log book:

"*First part of the voyage.* [Alluding to the early part of his life.] Pleasant, with fine breezes and free winds—all sail set. Spoke many vessels in want of provisions—supplied them freely.

"*Middle passage.* Weather variable—short of provisions—spoke several of the above vessels our supplies had enabled to refit—made signals of distress—they up helm, and bore away. [Those whom he had formerly befriended, now, in his distrees, refused him assistance.]

"*Latter part.* Boisterous, with contrary winds—current of adversity setting hard to leeward—towards the end of the passage it cleared up. With the quadrant of honesty had an observation; corected and made up my reckoning; and, after a passage of fifty years, came to in mortality road, with the calm unruffled surface of eternity in view."

Drunkenness.

A nobleman who was remarkably abstemious, was chiding one of his workmen for often getting drunk: "It is astonishing," said his lordship, "that all *good workmen* are addicted to drunkenness." "Then" said a lady who was standing by, "your lordship, I presume, *is not a good workman*."

The Forced Story.

Lord Kellie, was, like his prototype Falstaff, "not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in "other men." Mr. Andrew Balfour, the Scottish advocate, a man of considerable humour, accompanied by great formality of manners, happened to be one of a convivial party when his Lordship was at the head of the table. After dinner he was asked to sing, but absolutely refused to comply with the pressing solicitation of the company. At length Lord Kellie told him that he should not *escape*, he must either sing a song, tell a story, or drink a pint bumber. Mr. Balfour, being an abstemious man, choose rather to tell a story than incur the forfeit. "One day," said he, in a pompous manner, "a thief, in the course of his rounds, "saw the door of a church invitingly open. He "walked in, thinking that even there he might lay "hold of something. Having secured the pulpit "cloth, he was retreating, when, lo! he found the "door shut. After some consideration, he adopted the only means of escape left, namely, to let "himself down by the bell-rope. The bell of "course rang; the people were alarmed, and the "thief was taken, just as he reached the ground. "When they were dragging him away, he looked "up, and emphatically addressing the bell, as I "now address your Lordship; 'Had it not been,' "said he, 'for your *long tongue*, and your *empty* 'head,' I had made my *escape*."

The Stage Coach.

Resolved to visit a far distant friend
A porter to the Bull and Gate I send;
And bid the slave at all events engage

Some place or other in the Chester stage;
The slave returns—it's done as soon as said—
Your honour's sure when once the money's paid;
My brother whips, impatient of delay,
Puts too at three, and swears he cannot stay.
Four dismal hours ere the break of day,
Roused from sound sleep, thrice call'd at length I rise,
Yawning, stretch out my arms half clos'd my eyes,
By steps and lantern enter the machine,
And take my place how cordially! between
Two aged matrons of excessive bulk,
To mend the matter too, of meaner folk;
While in like mode, jamm'd on t'other side,
A bullying captain and a fair one ride;
Foolish as fair, and in whose lap a boy—
Our plague eternal; but *her* only joy.
At last, the glorious number to complete;
Steps in my landlord for that bodkin seat.
When soon by ev'ry hilloc, rut and stone,
Into each other's face by turns we're thrown;
This grannam scolds, that coughs, and captain swears,
The fair one screams, and has a thousand fears;
While our plump landlord, train'd in other lore,
Slumbers at ease, not yet asham'd to snore;
And master Dicky in his mother's lap,
Squalling brings up at once three meals of pap;
Sweet company! Next time I do protest, Sir,
I'll walk to Dublin ere I'll ride to Chester.

Bad Reading.

In a parlour of a public house in Fleet Street, there is written over the chimney-piece the following

ng notice—" Gentlemen *learning to spell* are re-
" quested to use yesterday's paper."

The Abbé.

A gentleman residing in France having met with an Abbé who seemed to be a very sensible man, invited him to dine with him. As the Abbé had been previously told that there would be a large sirloin of beef, which is a treat seldom to be met with in France, he eagerly accepted the invitation. After having dined well upon that and some other dishes dressed *a-la-mode Anglaise*, he began to express himself to this effect: " that he felt much concerned that such a generous, good natured and hospitable man should be d—n'd to all eternity!" and advised him to lose no time, but immediately turn catholic, if he had any regard for his own soul. Instead of following his advice the English gentleman followed him instantly to the street door, which he desired the priest never to enter again.

The Scholar.

A gentleman who was near sighted, when he went to the coffee-house in a morning, usually took his man with him, to read the news, this person was very illiterate, but his master being familiar to most of his blunders, could tolerably tell his meaning. As he was reading among the casualties, a paragraph appeared concerning a gardener, who was cutting creepers on the top of a house, he tumbled down and broke his neck. God bless my soul, Tom, said the gentleman, that never can be right; read it over again. It was read again—the same still, " a grenadier cutting capers a top of

of a house;" What business, said his master, have grenadiers on the top of a house, and cutting capers too! At last comes up a gentleman of his acquaintance, whom he begged to read that passage to him, saying, it is a very odd one, if it is as my man reads it; I can make out in general what he means, but do not understand this; when the gentleman taking the paper read—A gardener cutting creepers at the top of a house, fell down and broke his neck. "You dunderpate, says he to his man, did not I always say your head was made of bullets?" Yes, Sir, replied the man (thinking to mend the matter) but I'll take care to *reprove* myself, that it shall be a little lighter for the future.

The Tempest.

A a sea-port in the west of England, an itinerant company of players were to perform the Tempest: a jolly tar, who went to see the play, got into the boxes, when at the moment of the shipwreck, the temporary gallery gave way, and the company tumbled over one another into the pit; the sailor, who imagined it a part of the performance, shouted and hallooed as loud as his lungs would permit him. At his return from sea, being in London, he observed the same play was to be performed at Drury lane; he went into the pit, and just as the scene before-mentioned commenced, he stamped with his foot, piped all hands, and looking up to the gallery, calls with a loud voice, "Take care my hearts, you're all a coming."

A Rule without an Exception.

Every word in the English language, where a Q is used, a U must follow.

The Dressing.

A gentleman quarrelled with a butcher in Newgate market, and was so provoked that he threatened to *give* him a good dressing: Master, answered the butcher, I accept of no *gifts*, it shall only be *lent*, and *repaid* with interest; adding, as I cannot *take* it, you may do as you please about *lending*.

An impudent fellow stood and stared so rudely at a lady, that she retired, upon which he called out, "What does the sun offend you, madam?" "Yes, said she, the son of your parents."

The Parson and Patron.

Lord S—dw—ch thus wrote to his chaplain one day,
"Dear Tom would you leave off to preach and to pray,
And bishop like sit in your sinecure chair,
Take Miss *** off my hands, and her settlement share:
Each year shall a leash of good hundreds supply,
And in clover you'll wallow, you rogue, till you die;
But, if you're determined to cross my intent,
Pray don't take *amiss*, what I'm sure is well meant."
This friendly proposal the parson refusing,
An answer thus penn'd for his patron's perusing
"My Lord: the great good which to me you'd extend,
My pride it shall be, to proclaim without end;

And your friendship exalted, so much I regard.
That I hope it will meet—an exalted reward!
While your wish I reject, tho' depend upon this,
'Tis comply'd with so far, as to *not take* A MISS."

About ten or twelve years ago some robbers broke into the house of a gentleman in Stanhope-street, and stole some plate and other articles. A few days afterwards the following Notice appeared in the Daily Advertiser:—

A Card.

"Mr. R——s, of Stanhope-sttreet, presents his most respectful compliments to the Gentlemen who did him the honour of eating a couple of roast chickens, drinking sundry tankards of ale, and three bottles of Madeira, &c. at his house on Monday night. *In their haste* they took away the tankard; they are heartily welcome to that: to the table-spoons and to the light guineas which were in an old red morocco bocket book they are also *heartily welcome:* but in the said Pocket-book there were several loose papers, which consisting of private memorandums, receipts, &c. can be of no use to his *kind* and *friendly* visitors, but are important to him; he therefore hopes and trusts, they will be so polite as to take some opportunity of returning them. For an old family watch which was in the same drawer, he cannot ask on the same terms; but if any way could be pointed out, by which he could replace it with twice as many heavy guineas as they can get for it, he would gladly be the purchaser; and is with due respect, theirs, &c.

W. R."

A packet was a few nights afterwards dropped into the area of his house, containing the books and papers, with this apologetical epistle:—

"Sir,

"You are quiet a *gemman*. Your madery we be's not use to, and it got into our upper works, or we would niver have cribb'd your papers. They be all marched back agen with the red book. Your ale was mortal good, and the tankard and spoons were made into *a white soup* in Duke's plaice two hours before dey-lite. The old family watch cases were, at the same time, made into a *brown gravy*, and the *guts* are *new christened*, and on their voyage to Holland. If they had not been *transported*, you should have had 'em agen, for you are quiet a *gemman* but you know as they have been christened and got a *new* name, they would no longer be of your *old* family. And soe sir, we have nothing more to say, but that we be much obligated to you, and shall be glad to sarve and wissit you by nite or by day, and are yours til death

"A. B. & C.

A clock and watch maker in a provincial town, who is at present prosecuted by the corporation as having no right to exercise the business, has advertised to his customers "that notwithstanding the attempt to *dog* his industry, he will always find in their favours a *spring* of grateful exertions, and that if countenanced by their support, in spite of the malice of corporations, he will continue to make and repair clocks and watches *till the end of time.*"

Amusement

Amusement in modern High-life.

The bucks had din'd, and deep in council sat,
Their wine was brilliant, but their wit grew flat;
Up starts his Lordship—to the window flies,
And lo! 'A race, a race,' in rapture cries.
'Where?' quoth Sir John.—"Why see too drops of rain,
Starts from the summit of the chrystal pane;
A thousand pounds which drop, with nimblest force
Performs its current down the slipp'ry course."
The bet was fix'd, in dire suspence they wait,
For victory, pendant on the nod of fate.
Now down the sash, unconscious to the prize,
The bubbles roll, like pearls from Susan's eyes.
But ah! the glittering toys of life are short;
How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport,
So that attraction by coercive laws,
The approaching drops into one bubble draws.
Each curs'd his fate that thus their project cross'd,
How hard their lot who neither won nor lost.

Rage for Psalmody.

A Hereford paper mentions, that such is the rage for Psalmody at and near that place, that *psalm singing lozenges* are actually applied for; and that a man, discovered a few nights ago under a bridge, was by his own account, only *catching a little cold* that he might be the better able to sing *bass* on the ensuing Sunday.

Sancho and his Massa.

"Sancho!" said a dying planter to his slave, "for your faithful services I mean to do you an honour; and I will leave it in my will, that you shall

shall be buried in our family ground." "Ah! massa," replied Sancho, "Sancho no good be buried—Sancho rather have de money or de freedom; besides if de devil come in de dark to look for massa, he make de mistake, and take away de poor negro man!"

Epigram.

Come Kate, be quick and make the bed,
Now tuck the feet, now place the head,
I'll kiss you, if you don't bestir ye.
Quoth Kate, I can't abide to hurry.

Epigram,

Written on the window of a public house, which the landlady had turned the Author out of, after he had spent all his money.

Has God alone perfection, do you say,
When such perfections we can see each day?
The poor have some perfections, some the rich;
Here's mother Dashwood—"she's a *perfect b—h.*"

Lord Howe.

When Lord Howe was captain of the magnanime, a negro sailor on board was ordered to be flogged: every thing being prepared, and the ship's company assembled to see the punishment inflicted, Captain Howe made a long address to the culprit, on the enormity of his offence. Poor Mungo, tired of the harangue, and of having his back exposed to the cold, exclaimed—"*Massa! if you floggee, floggee; or if you preachee, preachee; but no preachee and floggee too!*"

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Doctor

Doctor Franklin.

Doctor Franklin, one day, when his father was saying grace before dinner asked whether it would not save a great deal of trouble to say grace over a whole barrel of beef at once.

Epitaph, on a Schoolmaster, in Scotland.

Beneath thir stanes lie meekie's banes,
O Satan! should you tak him,
Appoint him tutor to your weens,
And clever deils he'll mak 'him.

Epigram.

Thomas does vow and sometimes swear,
He'll dance with none but what are fair,
Suppose we women should dispense,
Our hands to none but men of sense;—
"Suppose, well madam, and what then?"
"Why, Sir, you'd never dance again,"

Epigram.

Says a physical sage, at a watchmaker's door,
"The keeping a watch is more charge than a
"w—e."
Says a listening damsel, "dear doctor it's true,
"So, as the least evil, take me of the two."

The late Mr. Whitfield and a Sailor.

This gentleman preached at a chapel in New England, where a collection was to be made after the sermon. A British sailor, who had strolled into the meeting, observed some persons to take plates, and place themselves at the door, upon which he laid hold of one, and taking his station, received a considerable sum from the congregation

rion as they departed, which he very deliberately put into the pocket of his tarry trowsers; this being told to Mr. Whitfield, he applied to the sailor for the money, saying it was collected for charitable uses, and must be given to him. "Avast there, said Jack, it was given to me, and I shall keep it," "You will be d—d, said the parson, if you don't return it." "I will be d—d if I do." replied Jack, and sheered off with his prize.

Major Bridges.

A noble lord having given a grand gala, his taylor made one among the company, whom his lordship walked up to, and accosted in the following manner: "My dear Sir, I recollect your face, but cannot remember your name:" to which address the taylor whispered in answer, "*I made your breeches:*" his lordship taking him by the hand, said aloud, "*Major Bridges,* I am very glad to see you."

Anecdote.

The following circumstance is an instance of the whimsical eccentricity which distinguished the character of the late Duke of Montague. His grace, one evening, accompanied by a few very facetious friends, took a hackney coach, and ordered the man to drive to the back of St. Clement's; when they were arrived there, the duke got out and walked round the coach to the other door, and was, in conseqnence of a concerted plan, followed by his friends: they entered the coach on the opposite side to where the man stood, and passed through the coach one after another eighteen times, to the astonishment of the coachman, who ran into

into the first public house he saw, and, in the utmost fright, declared he had been carrying a *legion of devils*, for he had counted eighteen of them, and they were coming out still!

Pantry Bay.

A person the other day was expressing his astonsshment that the French fleet should sail for Ireland with only ten days provision on board. "No wonder," replied his friend, "they expected soon to arrive in *Pantry* Bay."

Coat of Arms.

A gentleman having called a ticket porter to carry a message, asked his name; he said it was Russel. "And pray," said the gentleman jocularly, "is your *coat of arms* the same as the Duke of Bedford's?" "As to our *arms*, your honour," says the porter, "I believe they are pretty much alike, but there is a damned deal of difference between our *coats*."

Flagellation.

A woman in France having gone to confession, the priest, by way of penance, was proceeding to give her a flagellation. As he was leading her behind the altar, for this purpose, her husband, who, from a motive of jealousy, had followed her, and concealed himself in the church, made his appearance, and objecting that she was too delicate to bear the discipline, offered to receive it in her stead. This proposal the wife greatly applauded, and the man had no sooner placed himself upon his knees, than she exclaimed, "Now, father, lay on lustily, for I am a *great* sinner."

Pride.

In Rome it is a common thing to see an innumerable quantity of persons of all nations, to whom, at certain hours, some of the monasteries give soup daily.

A Castillian, who had just arrived, and did not know at what time the distribution was made, applied to a French ecclesiastic for information. The vanity of the Spaniard would not permit him to ask plainly, at whose house they gave the soup? it was a species of question that appeared too mean. After endeavouring for some time to find a mode of expression not quite so low, he thought it was better to ask the Frenchman if he had taken his chocolate? "My chocolate!" replied the ecclesiastic, "how do you suppose I am to pay for it? I live on charity, and am waiting for the distribution of the soup at the convent of the Franciscans." "Then you have not been there yet," said the Castillian. "No," replied the Frenchman, "I am now going, it is just time." "I beg you will conduct me there," said the Don, "and you will then see Don Antonio Perez de Valcabro de Redia de Montava de Veza, &c. give to posterity an example of his *humility*." "And who are these people?" asked the Frenchman. "It is me," replied the Spaniard. "If so," answered the Frenchman, "you had better said, an example of *a good appetite*."

The Versenary of General Quebec.

"Why then" [it is the account of a poor old woman] "why then," your honour must know, that the versenary of General Quebec comes round like Christmas, only once a year, and then old

Nick, (a disabled soldier,) appears in all his glory, with his red scarlet coat on his back, and fierce cocked hat on his head, and a uniform sword by his side; and then he struts away to the ale-house, where he usually meets three or four old soldiers, who come there to keep the versionary along with him—and so drink the health of all the old commanders: and they begin to describe how the battles were won by the English, and lost by the French and Spaniards; for your honour knows that the French and Spaniards never beat the English in their lives, though they are two to one. And then they desire blind George to sing the *British Grenadiers*, and then they all join in the *chorus;* and they are all drunk as lords, and then I always help Margery, (the Chelsea pensioner's wife,) to carry Nick home: and then—and then—This is the versenary of General Quebec, please your honour."

Balthazer Gratian.

From among some singularly happy thoughts of Balthazar Gratian, author of the *Courtier*, we select the following: he describes his hero as travelling in search of a *true friend.* Among the most curious that attracted his attention, these are distinguished. A poor judge, with his wife, neither of whom had any fingers on their hands; a great lord, without any debts; a prince, who was never offended at the truth being told him to his face; a poet, who became rich by the produce of his works; a monarch, who died without any suspicion of having been poisoned; a humble Spaniard; a silent Frenchman; a lively Englishman; a German, who disliked wine; a learned man, recompensed;

pensed; a chaste widow; a madman discontented; a sincere female; and, what was more extraordinary than all these singularities, he meets a *true friend.*

Pun.

Les Rolx sont aussi sujets que les autre aux foiblesses de la nature & de l'humanité. Louis XVI, au milieu d'un cercle de courtisans laissa échapper un signe d'affections Venteuses. "Bonne marque," s'écrie le Marquis de Bievre, "Voila des bruits de *paix (pét)* qui courent à Versailles.—"Vraiment," reprend un autre seigneur, "ils n'ont pas lieu sans fondement."

The first Man in the World.

"Now, my lord, be pleased to inform me who was the first man in the world?" A learned schoolmaster was addressing that question to one of his pupils, on a Sunday, a day in which he gave the boys general instructions on the bible.

"Adam," replied the youth with quickness.

"Very well answered, indeed, mylord:" said the master; "Adam certainly was the very first man in the whole world;—and what puts this beyond all controversy is, that he was created before any other man, woman, or child; therefore none but an atheist can deny that Adam was the *first man* in the world."

The Responses.

The Marquis de Villena ordered a suit of brocade for Perico de Ayala, his buffoon. The chamberlain, from avarice, sent him only the sleeves and the skirts. The buffoon going to the

chaplain, told him to come immediately, and inter a defunct of the marquis's palace. The chaplain coming hastily, with a crucifix and bell, and repeating the responses in an antichamber, the marquis sent to know what was the matter? "Tell his lordship," said Perico, "that we are come for *the body*, for the chamberlain only gave me the sleeves and skirts."

Charles the Vth.

The Emperor Charles Vth, having one day lost himself in the heat of a chace, and wandered in the forest, far from his train; after much fatigue in trying to find a route, came at last to a solitary hedge-public-house, where he entered to refresh himself. On coming in, he saw four men, whose mien presaged him no good; he, however, sat down and called for something. These men, pretending to sleep, one of them rose, and, approaching the emperor, said, he had dreamed that he took his hat; and accordingly took it off. The second saying he had dreamed he had taken his coat, took that. The third, with a like prologue, took his waistcoat. And the fourth, with much politeness, said, he hoped there could be no objection to his feeling his pockets, and seeing a chain of gold about his neck, whence hung his hunting horn, was about to take that too. But the emperor said, "Stop, my friend, I dare say you cannot blow it, I will teach you." So putting the horn to his mouth, he blew repeatedly, and very loud. His people, who searched for him, heard the sound, and entering the cottage, were surprized to see him in such a garb. "Here are fellows," said the emperor, "who have *dreamed* what

what they please—I must also *dream* in my turn." Sitting down, and shutting his eyes a little while, he then started up, saying, "*I have dreamed that I saw four thieves hanged:*". and immediately ordered his dream to be fulfilled, the master of the inn being compelled to be the executioner

A pious Exclamation!

A priest, whose house and garden were near the church, seeing, as he was elevating the host, a thief ascending one of his fruit trees, cried out, to the great astonishment of the congregation, "*O! the devil go up with thee!*"

One being asked, what made him bald, said, "My *hair*."

Epigram.

Jack drinks fine wines, wears modish clothing,
But prithee where lies Jack's estate?
In *Algebra*, for there I found of late
A quantity call'd *less than nothing*.

The Earl of Chatham.

The late Earl of Chatham, who bore no goodwill to a certain physician, was rallying him one day upon he inefficacy of his prescriptions. To which the doctor replied, he defied any of his patients to find fault with him. "I believe you," replied the witty earl, "for they are *all dead*."

Mr. Gray, the Poet.

A certain gentleman, famous for ill-natured remarks, and sarcastical expressions, and who had an offensive breath, was very desirous of being in-

troduced to the celebrated Mr. Gray; who, knowing his character, was equally solicitous to avoid his company. By chance they happened to meet at some public assembly, and the gentleman embraced the occasion of accosting Mr. Gray: "Sir, it is a very cold day!" "It is so," replied Mr. Gray. "Upon my word," rejoined the other, "I rode out this morning, and the north wind was so keen that it cut me in such a manner that it was quite intolerable." "Sir," replied the poet, "from what I have heard of you, I should suppose that the *wind* had the *worst* of it."

The Duke of Newcastle.

The late Duke of Newcastle, applying to an old fellow for a vote at an election in the country, "I will give it you," said the man, "if your grace will give my son a place in the Excise." "That I will," replied the duke, with his accustomed good humour, "that I assuredly will; hand me a pen and ink, and you shall see the letter I will write, and put it in the post-office yourself." He wrote to his agents in London, desiring the young man might immediately have the place which was requested; adding, that he was highly worthy of the situation, and the son of his friend. When the old man read the letter, he thanked his grace for his good opinion, but begged him to make one little alteration in the signature; "which, says he, "I happen to know must be in *red* ink, or no attention will be paid to it; for your grace has ordered all letters that have not that colour at the corner to be thrown aside." "O ho! have I so?" said the duke, "and pray how came you to be in the secret?—give me the red ink, however; I suppose

I suppose if there was none, you would be satisfied if I signed it with my *own blood*, and that would give my biographers an opportunity of saying, that I had once *bled* for my country."

Epigram

Thy lap-dog, Ruffa, is a dainty beast.
It don't surprise me in the least
To see thee lick so dainty clean a beast.
But that so dainty clean a beast licks thee—
Yes—that surprizes me.

Curious Criticism.

" With a good army and full coffers, where is the treaty you cannot explain to *your* advantage, when *you* have to do with an inferior power."—" *You.*" " *Your.*" The absurdity of thus addressing the reader is sufficiently obvious. It is, moreover, much too ordinary and familiar a language. It reminds us of that of Mr. Glasse, of culinary memory—" When *you* have made *your* water boil, then put *your* pudding in *your* pot."

Epigram.

Doris can find no taste in tea,
Green to her drinks like Bohea;
Because she makes the tea *so small*
She never tastes the *tea* at all.

Another.

" What? rise again with *all* one's bones?
Quoth Giles, " I hope you fib?
I trusted when I went to heaven
To go without my *rib.*'

An

An elegant Card.

"Lady Bab M—— presents her compliments to Mrs. A—— is extremely sorry she cannot be at her concert next week, being confined with rheumatisms—but is extremely glad that the signora is to be there, because she will give pleasure to all the amateurs and true lovers that are present; for, as his grace the Duke of Illyria says, "If music be the food of love, play on."

Giles Jolt.

Giles Jolt, as sleeping in his cart he lay,
Some waggish pilf'rers stole his team away:
Giles wakes and cries—"What here? odsdikins!
what!
Why how now? am I Giles, or am I not?
If he, I've lost six geldings to my smart;
If not—odsbuddikins, I've *found* a cart!"

The Worm Doctor.

Vagus advanc'd on high, proclaims his skill.
By cakes of wondrous force the worms to kill:
A scornful ear the wiser sort impart,
And laugh at Vagus's pretended art.
But well can Vagus what he boasts perform,
For man, (as Job told us,) is a *worm*.

An evening Prayer used by a Miser:

O Lord, thou knowest that I have nine houses in the city of London, and likewise that I have lately purchased an estate in Fee-simple, in the county of Essex; therefore I beseech thee to preserve the two counties of Essex and Middlesex from fire and earthquakes. And as I have a mortgage in Hertfordshire, I beg of thee likewise, to have

have an eye of compassion on that county. And for all the rest of the counties, thou mayest deal with them as thou art pleased.

Oh! enable the Bank to answer all their bills, and make all my debtors good men. Give a prosperous voyage and return to the Mermaid sloop, which I have insured.

And as thou hast said, that the days of the wicked shall be but short, I trust in thee, that thou wilt not forget thy promise, having purchased an estate in reversion of J. C. a profligate young man.

I also pray thee to keep our funds from sinking; and, if it be thy will, let there be no sinking funds. And keep my son Caleb out of evil company, and gaming-houses; and sanctify this night to me, by preserving me from thieves and fire, and make my servants honest and careful, whilst I, thy servant, lie down in peace. So be it. *Amen.*

Lord St. John.

Lord St. John being some time ago in want of a servant, an Irishman offered his service; but being asked what countryman he was, he answered, "an Englishman." "Where was you born?" said his lordship. "In Ireland, and please your lordship," said the man. "How then can you be an Englishman?" said his lordship. "My lord," replied the man, "supposing I was born in a *stable*, that is no reason I should be called a *horse*."

Money to live here.

An Irish gentleman having come over to London to make his fortune, soon found himself much distressed for a dinner. Happening to pass by a barber's

barber's shop, he saw announced on the window, *Money for live hair*, which, being no profound scholar, he read, *Money to live here.* "Aha!" says Paddy, "this is just what I was looking for; I am now satisfied that the character of the English for generosity is well founded." "Please to walk in, Sir," Says Mr. Shave-for-a-penny;—"sit down, Sir." A dirty towel is then put over him, and a brass barber's bason, full of warm lather, stuck in under his chin. "This is an odd sort of entertainment," thinks Paddy; "but a given horse must not be looked in the mouth." *Strap* steps out for his razors, and in the meantime, Paddy, being extremely hungry, falls to gobbling up the contents of the bason. Strap returning stares with astonishment, while poor Paddy, after almost vomiting up his guts, exclaims, "By Jasus, you had need to give a man *money to live here, for your soup is like piss, and your turnips are not half boiled!*"

Epitaph.

Good master Le Brock, ever fond of good *wine*,
Of pure *water* would calmly ne'er hear;
"Drop the subject," he cry'd, "if you friends are of mine,
Nor e'er water my grave with a *tear!*

Another.

His function's ended, Brock lies breathless here;
When living, water was his constant fear;
Your tears then, reader, to yourself pray keep,
He'd be offended with you, should you *weep*.

Paddy's

Paddy's Description of a Garret.

Two Irish soldiers being quartered in a borough in the West of England, got into a conversation respecting their quarters. "How," said the one, "are you quartered?" "Pretty well." "What part of the house do you sleep in?" "Up stairs." "In the garret, perhaps?" "The garret! no, Dennis O'Brien would never sleep in a garret." "Where then?" "Why, I know not what you call it; but if the house was turned topsy-turvy I should be in the *cellar*."

Budget.

A nasty *tinkerly* word which we wish to banish from the polite and political circle.

Monthly Review.

Farinelli, or the Musical Taylor.

This singer having ordered a superb suit of clothes, for a gala at court, when the taylor brought it home, he asked him for his bill. "I have made no bill, Sir," said the taylor, "nor shall ever make one. Instead of money," continues he, "I have a favour to beg. I know that what I want is inestimable, and only fit for monarchs; but since I have the honour to work for a person of whom every one speaks with rapture, all the payment I shall ever require, will be a *song*." Farinelli tried in vain to make the taylor take his money. At length, after a long debate, giving way to the humble entreaties of the trembling tradesman, and flattered perhaps more by the singularity of the adventure than by all the applause he had hitherto received, he took him into his music-room, and sung to him some of his most brilliant

brilliant airs, taking pleasure in the astonishment of his ravished hearer, and the more he seemed surprised and affected, the more Farinelli exerted himself in every species of excellence. When he had done, the taylor, overcome with ecstacy, thanked him in the most rapturous and grateful manner, and prepared to retire. "No," said Farinelli, "I am a little proud, and it is, perhaps, from that circumstance that I have acquired some degree of superiority over other singers; I have given way to *your* weakness; it is but fair that in your turn you should indulge me in *mine*." And taking out his purse, he insisted on his receiving a sum amounting to nearly double the worth of the suit of clothes.

True Benevolence.

The other day, says Ned to Joe,
(Near Bedlam's confines groping,)
"Whene'er I hear the cry of woe,
My hand is always open."

"I own" says Joe, "that to the poor,
You prove it ev'ry minute,
Your hand is open, to be sure;
But then there's *nothing* in it."

Epigram.

Honest Teague, when return'd from a trip to the north,
For to Lapland 'twas said he had been;
Was question'd, if during his cold wint'ry birth,
Whether any rein deer he had seen?

"When," said he, "by my sowle as the truth I regard,
I was station'd there almost a year,
Sometimes, in the summer, it rain'd very hard;
But I never once saw it *rain deer!*"

FINIS.